

*the* wile in his Sumnaoner's Tale. Thomas,  
the husband, is Lying ill in the room where the  
conversation takes place.

*Wife.* ' Ey maister, welcome be ye by  
Seint John,' Sayde this wif, \* how fare  
ye hertily ? \* This frere ariseth up ful  
curtisly, And hire embraceth in his  
armes narwe,  
*chirpeth like a sparrow*  
And kisseth hire swete, and chirkeith as a  
sparwe *Friar.* With his lippes : \* Dame/ quod  
he, ' right well  
*par*  
*t* As he that is your servant  
every del.

*time*  
I wol with Thomas speke a litel  
throw, These curates ben so  
negligent and slow To gropen  
tenderly a conscience.<sup>1</sup>

*Wife.* ' Now by your faith, o derf sire,' quod she,  
*chide*  
Chideth him wel for Seint Charitee.  
He is ay angry as is a pissemire,  
Though that he have all that he can  
desire

*Friar.* ' O Thomas, je vous die, Thomas, Thomas,  
This maketh the fiend, this must ben amended,  
*forbidden*  
Ire is a thing that high Q-od hath defended,  
And thereof wol I speke a word or  
two.' *Wife.* ' Now maister,' quod the  
wife, ' er that I go  
What wol ye dine ? I wol go  
thereabout.' *Friar.* ' Now dame,' quod he,  
' je vous die sans doute,  
Have I nat of a capon but the liver,  
And of your white bread nat but a shiver,  
And after that a roasted pigges hed,—  
But I ne wold for me no beest were ded,—  
Than had I with you homely suffisance.  
I am a man of littel sustenance.'

*one*  
*Wife.* ' Now sire,' quod she, ' but o word  
ere I go, My child is ded within thise  
weeke's two, Soon after that ye went out of  
this toun.' *Friar.* \* His deth saw I by  
revelation,'

*at the convent in our*  
*dormitory* Sayde this frere, \* at home  
in our dortour, I dare wel sain that  
er than half an hour Alter his deth I  
saw him borne to blisse